THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The New Year.

In those long passed and joy-winged hours
When childhood's path of roses and flowers
In glowing and vivid beauty met
Those tender and unwandering feet,
To the quick heart and reeling eye
How slowly went the moments by,
How far I thought the short noon lay
Which ushered in the welcome day!

But now—that manhood's cinder years,
And sorrow's thoughts, and deeper tears,
And harder toil—that dims the clear
Of ardent soul and brow—are more—
Swift as the arrow from the bow
Of Scathe—or his mountain's form—
As Swallow on its dewy wing
Courses above the wave of Spring—
As Jay's first sun-beam far above
The youthful heart beginneth to love.
Time hears me on, through "cloud and ray,"
O'er Death's dim unbridden way!

Let us rush hearts of praise and prayer
Welcome to life, these new years!
And let us collect hours for blest
With source and center and spear our—
To rush its grasps age shall see
Green spikes of verdant spring and summer—
Its cheeks new soft with vermeil down
With wreathing tints shall be winsome,
And as fair fire and snowy wings
Bright creatures in the heart's warm springs'
While many a fair and lovely one
Beneath its eye shall slowly fade.
And mournfully—but not afraid
On Earth's last couch of sleep in frail,
And it shall view that change—and yet—
Its wings no grasper age shall see
Green spikes of verdant spring and summer—
Its cheeks new soft with vermeil down
With wreathing tints shall be winsome,
And as fair fire and snowy wings
Bright creatures in the heart's warm springs'
The child that cannot play!

Oh! at this awful threshold here—
This mile-stone in our brief career
Let all resolve to seek that Path
Which ever-more will lead to glorious death
That way whose followers stoop to rise
A blessing to a child of woe—
Who ask him—failing—a friend's reward
To tattle for the true and good

Oh! Then who shall wonder Man to find
As leaves that may be seen that
In mountain cavern of his lonely stock
With all the ills that darken his lot
The Spirit through this bullying year
Pour forth "the Inclined children here"

Bristol, 1st Mo., 1842. S. S.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Oh! Minstrel, sound thy Harp.

Oh! minstrel, sound thy harp—it is the morn
And joyous is the strain,
In melody let hope return,
And soothe the heart of pain.
In wild melodious notes may wind
The hand that grief hath twined
In harmony with hope may bind.
Oh! minstrel, be so kind.

And bid it speak of love sincere,
Of love that's pure and true,
And gratitude will give the year,
And thank thee for the lay.
Yes more—the mother too will bless
Upon the grassy glade,
Where wreathed roses in her tress—that night
Which pure affection made.

Her rosh, and wealth, may grow less there,
Where'er it has been cast,
But heart, I know they cannot share,
The Friend by failure tried
The seeming drop dwells as now,
Still constant will it be?
"Tis at love, that binds the parting vow
That might be given to thee.
The plainest brilliant light is ill fate.
The rose no longer blest.
The dying seem to dwell the glade.
Ere he that rose forgot.
Then minstrel, sound thy harp once more
And joyous be the strain.
In melody let hope return,
And soothe the heart of pain.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Withered Flower.

No more I gaze on thee, for faint flower
Thou'rt sorely fading on the cold earth
And yet the promises of youth's fresh hour
Were spoil'd on thee, for bright was thy birth
And I am left a poor—a worthless thing
Any has no pleasure—no joy—no worth

I might at times—I even would recall
The glorious moments of past days of mirth
When once like thee I was fair and full
The lady promises that greet my youth
But sadness cast o'er blighted hopes a veil—
Or how beneath it hath no form beneath—no hue

Can't thou fair traveller to the Future land.
Grant me one boon, for one alone I ask
T'is a glad favour, for it is unknown and unasked
(Like thee) to examine from my soul the past—
Remembrance and dread—compassion—pain—a look
Of those whom greatest curses it is to think!

Lancaster, N. Y. Oscar Harmon.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Revenge.

BY SAUNDER.

A gloomy period in the history of Philadelphia was the summer of 1793—gloomy and mostly drear—but more dark and dreary, than when the course of events years before, had placed it in the hands of foreign invaders. Then the citizens were all united in subjugation, now the chastening one of a just God grasped the hands—the hands of a dreadful pestilence! The ghostly form of death stalked abroad in open day, and midnight's silence its shadow fell upon more doomed. Death! death! death! was the cry—Death, and beauty the grave swallowed its multitudes of victims—age, again and again, day after day, and still paused for more. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, alike found a common fate. Old age with its frosty brow, and wrinkled front—youth with its beauteous form, and ruddy cheek, and childhood, with its laughing face, and bounding step, bowed as unavoidable weakness to the stern decree of the king of terrors. The voice of lamentation and woe was heard in the streets, and the groan mourned for their children, and children for their parents—husbands for their wives, brothers for sisters, wives, brothers for sisters, and sisters for brothers; the hour for his mourners, and the mistress for her lover; and urban even when the sun was shining in its meridian splendour he mourned for. The living of to-day were the dead of to-morrow, and no man knew how soon he should be called away.

It was on the evening of a day when the fever was at its height that a number of men met at a clock, (although it was the middle of summer,) pursuant to the call of a Market street, in the vicinity of Broad, his steps tending towards the Centre Square. Those who before would not have been distinguished, for he wore a slouched hat drawn over his face as if for concealment, though the evening was cool and comfortable, for the streets were as deserted as if no mortal man, except himself, breathed within the city's walls. It was a lovely night above, the stars in serenity gave forth their twinkling lights, and the silvery moon exiled calmly through the vast sea of pure ethereal blue, without a cloud to cast a shadow on its placid face. No sound was to be heard as he passed onward, except the startling notice of his own footfalls and the occasional challenge by lonely sentry, at the grates of the sick, and the half audible agonies of the bereaved as they came to his ear-

"Are! look to us Are," he muttered sarcastically, suiting the direction in which the eyes were set, "look on Are. You won her—she preferred you, Now wear her. Ha! ha! ha! You cannot have her, for she went first, and now you've followed. Ha! ha! ha!"

With a smile of gratified revenge, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the coyne, he descended across the room to the stair-landing. He put forth one of his feet, and was about to descend, when suddenly he stopped and grasped with both hands the door-frame.

"Ah—ah," he gasped, "I—feel—faint. I'll—haste—to—the open air."

Slowly he descended step by step—still groaning for like as he proceeded, until he reached the bottom of the stairs—when he leaned his neck upon the door from above it-knee, and fainting.

"Good God!" fell scarcely audible from his lips, and then he rolled slowly over upon the floor, groaning in agony.

* * * *

Next day, when the carts that bore the dead bodies of those whom no one owned to the grave, were going their rounds, they found him lying near the spot where he had fallen—a corpse! Then did he whose unchristian hand had dared to strike where Death had first—struck. The lever had cheated him, but would not be cheated. Who he was they never learned, and they buried him in the public ground—him and his vivid in one grave. What length will man not go to what will he go! Does he cannot be hath said, "vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

Philadelphia, January, 1842.

From the Lady's World of Fashion, for February

Motherwell's Poems.

What is poetry? A thousand times have we asked ourselves that question, and a thousand times have we heard better men than ourselves attempt a reply, but never, no never have we met an answer equal to the one we first read in Bacon in our boyhood. It is the most magnificent creation of the qualities of the mind, and therefore comprehends in a single angle, or the Vikings would word our like himself. He exclaims in exultation—

"The exact of that proud lip.
The flash of that eye,
The swell at that bosom,
So full and so high,
Like form of sea billow,
Like foam of sea spray,
Like dash of sea breeze,
Like dash of sea billow,
Those eagle wave gleam
But frowns and smiles are
So stately and free,
The fair female that chamber,
As hush rules the sea.
That blows on the lute
Most maidens of mould.
Are fairer than flowers
Dried leaves love the bold.

And thereupon, of the same gaze, Jael caught the maiden in his arms, all enamored, and imprinting a score of kisses on her soon white forehead, bore her off in triumph to the tent. And when the maiden, Sisera's wife, had heard the band of Bracis in his own, and told of his feats against the Canaanites, she cried for the first time, and we give them more for an encomium to buy the book and read the rest, than for aught else.

"All rapid, bold maiden, in heaven above,
In that calm bone, are filled with love
All sights, all sounds, are but to them
To which in blessed fountain create,
Are but the echoes of their own.
Like a soul clothing herself.

There have been gladsome poems, but there are no lunches—one more in the volume; and indeed the finest poems of our author are his pathetic ones. Little so was of Motherwell, of one thing we are certain—he had seen suffering. No one can peruse his verses be gaining—"O, mary I loom again," without feeling that he writes. "While a child," "when I was there!" and the lines written a few days before his death breathe all the disconsolateness of a broken heart. But nowhere has the author displayed more real pathos than in his two poems, "Jeanie Morrison" and "My head is like to wind. Willie," poems which alone are sufficient to make Motherwell immortal. Often as they have been quoted in this country—and indeed they are nearly the sole poems by which he is known in the U. S.—we cannot resist the temptation of inserting at least one of them here. Let it be Jeanie Morrison. We give it without a word of comment, leaving it to make its own silence to ourselves.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way,
But never, never can forget
The luve of life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Bartane's hie,
May never to mirk gae mair,
But like luve it canna the heart
Where first fond luve is core.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The throbbings of my heart
Still thing their shadowy omen my path,
And bland on it we meet
They bland me wae wi' mair, mair tears,
And mair than tho' I greet
An earnestly my memories to
The luve of Jeanie Morrison.

Ye've been sae kind—sae kind to me,
O' late, dear luve to me,
I wad fain—and fain—my heart it wad,
Mair than I dare to say,
Mair than I dare, and mair than I
Can ever hope to pay.
But ye hae been sae kind to me,
Sae kind to me o' late,
That the tear o' luve is in my e'e
As I look up in your face.

O dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa ask to blame,
But O it's hard to bear, Willie,
The wrang that's nae my ain.
Her cauld cauld heart is wae for you,
And hauds aneath your ban,
Why weep ye for a withered rose,
For anither and for ane?

And then, fading him has one more her "white, white cheek," that once also was red, and then that lovely stanza beginning "A storm gaes through my head, Willie," that for days we wondered, and that even we ourselves spoke, have like strange airs gotten, and that none the golden bowl will be broken at the fountain. How unavoidable the sentence.

The lav reek in the lift, Willie,
The lift fir aneet our head,
Till sing the mirkest hours o' nicht
Abune the city cauld dead.
The mune is in the mirk cluds on
Wi' deep-drape almostic claiths,
Wilt hap the heart that heat thro
As a cauld and stiffened ane.

But O! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be,
And O! think on the leal, leal heart,
That beats aye true to thee.
And O! think on the cauld, cauld mould
That file file aff my yellow hair,
That has the cheek, and has the chin,
That ye were wont kiss fain.

There are numerous other poems in this volume, but equal indeed to the above, but still of considerable, we sure say, of high merit. Who can read "Change—sweepeth over all"—"The Wraith," "Wearie's Well," "Mountain," "Jeanie Morrison," "My head is like to wind, Mary," "The Parting," "Melancholyo," and a dozen other of those poems without feeling that Motherwell was a poet of considerable power, deeply imbued with nature, poetry, and more than all, feelingness—a poet, indeed of the first class, and always of original thought, but one destined to be remembered among men long long after the hand that writes and the eye that may read these pages have mouldered into dust.

We thank God that the taste for genuine poetry is reviving in this land, and that the day has gone by when feelingless mechanism, and the falsetto of "the exercise of the mine," as mailmen, or tinsmen, the basis of Our bookselers' shelves no longer groan under wooden editions of American poems. Since the publication of Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," there has been a steady demand for poetry, and more than one edition of questionable stuff has been disposed of by taking advantage of this tide. Now editions of standard poets are somewhat like tapestry in the earlier and ancient times, authors are being dragged from obscurity and brought into deserved notice. Then editions of Motherwell have been republished from time to time before London, and will be the means of making him generally known in this country, as well as in the United States. His poems are Boston, and in London a neat and more complete edition of his poems will shortly be published under the author's own eye. Then will he be introduced to the fireside circle which he was rapidly declining, and by the publication of his works, set on a pinnacle of light from which he will not easily be removed. Motherwell is a native of Glasgow, and was born in 1797. He died in 1835, when within a few days before his death hereafter all the discomfortures of a broken heart. He was a man of sensitively after the ancient ballads after all—is the following—Cavalier's Song," which breathes, indeed, the very spirit of the old minstrelsy, who charged with the fiery Rupert at Marston Moor.

"A steed! a steed of matchless speed
A sword of metal keen!
All else to noble hearts is dross,
All else to noble hearts is dross,
The naughtiage of the sad house grende.
The sleeping of the breast,
The charge of the trumpet blow
Can thrill the heart that rouse,
And O! the thunder peal of laughter
Whereat their war cries swell,
May rouse the dullest soul to fight,
And turn the sick man's knell.

Then mounts! then mounts! brave gallants all,
And don your helmets high!
Destrier and lance are thine to-day,
And thine the battle cry!

The pawse before us are but little known in this country. We are surprised at this, for some of these are of high merit. One or two of them—Jeanie Morrison," "My heid is like to wind," "Wearie's Well," and others have indeed appeared in the newspapers of this country, but the rest are almost as unknown, even to our professed readers of poetry, as the Sanscrit. That is a sad ignorance extends to the biography of the poet. Even the American editor of these poems, declares his inability to furnish more than a few dates respecting the chief events in the life of Motherwell. He tells us indeed that the poet was an ardent student, and that he was shaded by a mass of grisly curls, now as black as night, while a pair of thick heavy brows overarched eyes of the most extraordinary radiance—that he was graced a human face—an expression that was derived from the darkness of the soul within. Placing one foot upon the stirrup, and the other upon the mane of a horse, a lermet pocket a poignard, and then gracefully to ascend the stairs. Slowly, and cautiously he stopped, now stopping to listen, and now on again, proceeded to the top of the stairs, when a slight noise, half grief, half moan, startled him—he knew his ear attentively to forward. It was repeated, and appeared to proceed from a room above. He gently unlatched a door that opened on the landing, and found that Motherwell was again repeated, but this time with a deeper grief. The man now threw off his cloak, and pushed his beaver up from his brow—listening—breathing—he heard a sonorous, but footsteps, and countenance, of the most re-nothing kind. He then, which was covered with great coats, and wrapped himself in a fur mantle—and which was large, and of the Roman order, thereby leaving his features bared to the observation of others. He then opened

SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1842.

OUR MESS.

We begin, this week, the publication of the new work by Harry Lorrequer, which we have just borrowed by letter of the day. There is a free, laughing, rollicking style about the author of O'Malley which has never been equalled. His new novel is "Our Mess," or,

Jack Minton the Guardsman,

if we may judge from the opening chapters, will not pass any thing he has yet written. The character of Cross Garrey is inimitable—while that of Captain O'Grady will be a general favorite. Our great aim will enable us to give the whole of this story without interfering with our usual dish of tales, sketches, documents, &c. &c. We shall publish it by chapters, somewhat after the manner of Dickens' Master Humphrey's Clock. As prophesy, will be a favorite with the readers of the Post. We ask no better test than to sit down and enjoy a hearty laugh over the adventures of Jack Hinton, the Irish Guardsman, and the dolorous whine of Mister Cornelius Dobsky.

Forrestic Mercy.

As there is no side for notes on the Towanda Bank in Philadelphia, we shall in future be compelled to return such funds if remitted.

☞ We unavoidably defer an article on "The Origin of the North American Indians" until next week.

Death of Judge Hopkinson.

This venerable citizen and distinguished jurist, whose name and public services are universally familiar, died on Saturday last. His remains were interred on Monday in Bustleton. The courts had adjourned, immediately upon hearing of his death, and, on the day of the funeral, their officers with most of the members of the bar attended at the late residence of the judge, in Chesnut near Seventh street. Here the procession was formed. The melancholy train proceeded to the foot of Walnut street, and the body was placed in one of the cars of the rail-road line, to be conveyed to Bustleton, the last place of the deceased, and now to be the spot of his silent home.

Judge Hopkinson was the son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence—in many important respects. He had much the same love of social, but an equally refined taste, and was not unlike his parent in personal appearance. He was an excellent scholar, the friend and the author of the national song of "Hail Columbia." The judge was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, filled the honors there, and in the year of the revolution, graduated at the head of a small class in which the present Chief Justice of the United States, who was obliged to leave home, to go to a distant university. "You will not forget me, Jem?" he said to her, at parting. "Not if you write me long letters, Ned," was her reply. But war literally drove both presence of Chusseh. Abney is respectfully, and the Rev. Mr. Hall, of Bustleton, read the service for the dead. The funeral was conducted in the most solemn and impressive manner, and the deep attention with which the crowd listened to the words of the service, showed that they felt the solemnity of the occasion.

Judge Hopkinson was a man of the most kindly feelings, and in the use of the resources which his talents and his profession afforded him, was always ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate. He was a liberal supporter of the fine arts, and was a member of the Academy of Fine Arts from its foundation. He was also a member of the Philosophical Society, and in the year 1835, was elected its president, which office he held at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Historical Society, and of the Law Academy. Indeed, there was no association, literary or scientific, with which he was not connected, and which he did not honor with his presence. He was a member of the Episcopal church, and for many years a vestryman of St. Peter's church, in Third street, below Walnut. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, and for many years a warden of the College of Physicians.

Judge Hopkinson was married to Miss Mary Johnson, daughter of Governor Johnson, of Maryland, who survives him, with a family of children and grandchildren.

Riots in Cincinnati.

The Cincinnati Republican of Wednesday the 19th inst. gives the following particulars of a riot in that city. The account is partial, of course:—Where were the Democrats?—The Republican says:

During the whole day yesterday a portion of our city was in the greatest excitement, and, at one time, there was every appearance of serious disturbances. Some of our shopkeepers shut up their shops, and, as we were in the neighborhood of our office, we noted their hasty movements, and suspected, and would be found out Tuesday. Early in the morning of Tuesday an immense crowd assembled in front of the Bank, which is very near the room occupied by the Cincinnati Bank. Upon the door of the latter was a notice that it would be closed for twenty days, after which time it would redeem its paper. This caused great excitement—the exasperated crowd increased, and about 9 o'clock, a mob broke open the doors and found that every thing had been removed except the desks and counters,—these were broken and thrown into the street.

After they had done all the damage they could there, they broke into the Miami Bank, and while we are writing, (at half past 12,) are destroying its counters. There are thousands in the streets, spectators. The run upon Dayton, whose office joins the Miami Bank, is immense. Every man who has a dollar of the Exchange Bank paper is crowding in with it. These for he continues to remain. The crowd are endeavoring to break down the West Union issues, and several have succeeded. If this is continued, of course he must suspend, and in the present state of feeling, there is no telling to what would be the consequences. Lounger's office is on the opposite corner from Bates, and is closed. We presume he has removed his specie, and has left no one to be insulted.

The mob is not confined to our city, but there is a point beyond which people will not submit to the swindling operations of these shinplaster shops. They must be driven from among us by some means. The law has proved ineffectual—labourers and others find themselves every day or two with their pockets filled with this trash, and yet unable to pay anything for their labor. They think "the rail is now" of shin-plasters. We have always feared this result, but our advice has not been heeded.

No matter what may be the object, such scenes and such excitements must be put down. The sheriff is out on horseback, trying to disperse the crowd. Some of the ringleaders are under arrest, and in the course of the day will be examined before the Mayor's Office. The mob are still trying to break open the vault of the Miami Bank.

It is after 1 o'clock—they surrounded, and scattered the books and papers in the street. Some twelve or fifteen of the Citizens' Guards made their appearance at the Bank, and fell in with the crowd. The line was formed, and marched with fixed bayonets through the crowd in front of the Miami Bank and Exchange office. The crowd retreated a short distance, but commenced an assault upon the military and the five members of the Pretorian Fire Company, who had fallen in with the marching line and clubs. The Captain fired a pistol, and he understand wounded very severely in the leg one who had assaulted him.

This caused an increase of the violence of the mob—muskets and clubs were used indiscriminately on the military and firemen; several of the firemen stood their ground manfully for a short time. We saw one of them break his club over the head of a citizen. The military were ordered to fire, which many of them did as they were retreating in order towards the Mayor's Office. The guns must have been mostly charged with blank cartridges, for we heard of but one man who was killed. Several were wounded on both sides, but the number cannot be ascertained.

The crowd are now in the act of removing the counters from nearly every room of the Commonwealth.

The State Penitentiary Commissioners has adjourned to meet on the 1st Monday in February next, at which time they will proceed to make an appropriation to improve the Penitentiary Grounds.

A bill to divide the township of Germantown passed the Senate on Wednesday last.

Mr. McCahen introduced a bill to drain Spring Garden in the city of Philadelphia.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 15, 1842.

SENATE.—A number of petitions were presented, asking for the repeal of the law authorizing the Trenton Railroad Company to pass down from Bristol, Kensington.

Mr. Ingram, on motion of Mr. M'Clintock, presented resolutions were instructed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Comptroller of Public Schools, to settle with school districts.

Mr. Lightner submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Finance to report a bill to repeal the tax on lawyers. Laid on the table.

Mr. Smyser introduced a bill to enact a new district out of the township of Germantown, to be called the township of Germantown and Roxborough.

Mr. Crabb introduced a bill relative to insurance on fire.

The Committee on Education were instructed to inquire into the expediency of altering the law relating to Libraries and Superintendents of Common Schools.

A bill to annex the Twenty-fifth ward to the Eastern District of the Supreme Court, was passed and sent to the House.

Mr. Lightner's resolution urging upon Congress the necessity of the appointment of a Judge for the Middle District of Pennsylvania, was adopted.

Two or three bills were reported to create new Counties.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 19, 1842.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Boon, the committee on the Judiciary were instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and the final settlement and payment of fraudulent debtors.

Mr. Crabb moved that the House proceed to consideration of the resolution, with the amendment of Mr. M'Cahen to the same.

Mr. Cox moved to amend the amendment by striking out all after the word "that" and inserting the following:

That the Auditor General be authorized and directed to settle with the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, and to report to the next Legislature, the amount of interest on the loan of $3,000,000, authorized by the act of 16th June, 1841, which has been paid on the said loan, and the amount of interest which will be required to be paid on the said loan for the year 1842, and the amount of the tax to be assessed for the same, the said interest to be paid out of the Treasury.

Mr. Cox's amendment was adopted.

A motion was offered by Mr. Fleming, to instruct the Committee on Finance, to inquire into the expediency of providing by law that all persons having the State Loan, shall pay a tax upon the amount thereof, or pay for the same, the price for which they gave, and no more. Which was lost.

The bill from the House, relative to the time for holding the election of State Treasurer was then passed over informally, and laid for consideration at 12 o'clock, in order to allow the Committee on Finance to report the bill for the appropriation of $3,000,000.

Petitions were presented for the repeal of the Trenton Railroad bill, and for the repeal of the Nicholson Contract, and to prohibit banking and discounting bound on Sundays.

HOUSE.—The Speaker laid before the House a letter from the Auditor General, transmitting the quotas of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in proportion to the census of the United States Bank, from March to December.

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Conspiracy Case.

Arraignment of Bank Officers.

We have already stated that Mr. Austin Montgomery has again brought his charges, and in another form, against Mr. Biddle and the other officers of the United States Bank. The parties were arrested and gave bail duly, and on Wednesday week, at 4 o'clock P. M. they appeared before Recorder Vaux, to answer the allegations preferred against them. The following counsel appeared for the several defendants.

For Mr. Nicholas Biddle—John M. Read, Esq.

For Mr. Samuel Jaudon—John Cadwallader, Esq.

For Mr. John Andrews—Jas. H. Campbell, Esq.

For Messrs. Tho. Dunlap and Joseph Cowperthwait—John K. Kane and William M. Meredith Esquires.

There also appeared on the part of the prosecution.

For Mr. Austin Montgomery—St. Geo. Tucker Campbell, Esq.

For Mr. Henry Horn—Francis E. Brewster, Esq.

The purpose of the investigation was to ascertain whether there was sufficient cause for binding the above gentlemen over, to appear before Court some future day. To ascertain this, Mr. Taylor the present Cashier was called, but the council for the defendants immediately interposed. They wished to have all these proceedings stayed and their clients bound over without any further preliminary investigations. Mr. J. M. Read said the parties were anxious to have the legal inquiries proceed. They were not desirous of doing any thing which should impede their free progress.

The Recorder expressed himself against such an informal proceeding, declaring that he did not feel himself authorized to bind over without some examination. He desired the investigation to proceed, which it did accordingly. Mr. Taylor then took the stand and a great variety of receipts were exhibited, marked "permanent expenses," which were given during the years 1836 and 1837, the time when a large amount of money was used in the Bank, for which no specific purpose has yet been named, to which it was applied.

Over forty receipts and memorandums, most of them from Mr. Biddle, were examined, each given for some varying from a few hundred dollars to an amount as high as $[illegible]. Many of them were merely endorsed on the back with a pencil "misc." miscellaneous expenses, or "p. e." permanent expenses. It was understood that the $[illegible] was for premiums paid on specie, and one "sleigh hire" bill at cost $[illegible], was for expenses to Harrisburg while the bill for a re-charter was in agitation. At this stage of the proceedings it being nearly dark, the investigation was postponed until Thursday, at 4 o'clock. The court room was crowded to excess by an eager body of people, anxious to see the former distinguished "lions" of the old United States Bank.

A further examination took place on Thursday. The parties were all present, when Thomas S. Taylor, the present Cashier of the Bank, was farther examined by F. E. Brewster, Esq., for the Commonwealth and exhibited the following memorandums or orders for charge, and receipts given for the several amounts stated, named as incidental or miscellaneous expenses, in the body or upon their envelopes. The orders and envelopes had various signatures, initials in pencil marks, figures &c., some of which the witness was able to explain, but could not be positive as to the meaning of others without reference to books &c.

[illegible]

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1842.

SENATE.—The Senate Chamber was crowded this morning to hear a speech from Mr. Clay, his resolutions proposing an amendment of the Constitution being the special order of the day. The ladies' gallery presented a brilliant appearance, and probably was never more crowded than upon the present occasion. [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 1st to the 15th Jan.

January 1, received from

S. Aull,	$2 00	S. W. Curtis,	2 00
Mrs. A. Pettinos,	1 25	J. A. Andrews, Esq.	10 00
Mrs. M. Davis,	2 00	P. Humphrey,	2 00
Mrs. M. Lake,	2 00	O. K. Kendall,	2 00
A. Dudley,	1 00	N. S. Halleck,	8 00
O. S. Baister,	2 00	J. D. Hart,	5 00
D. Williams,	2 00	J. W. Dorsey,	5 00
P. Singer,	2 00	H. Bartlett,	1 00
J. M. Shackleford,	2 00	J. Brown,	3 00
M. Palmer,	2 00	J. F. Williams,	3 00
J. H. Caghill,	2 00	G. Howard, Esq.	40 00
Wm. A. Peirce, agt.	40 00	Miss Mary McClean,	2 50
S. Wearinger, Esq.	10 00	Wm. Hussey,	3 00
P. Miles,	3 00	J. C. Donnell, Esq.	12 00
G. A. McCoy,	1 00	W. Brenner,	5 00
C. H. Ferguson,	2 00	V. R. Hawkins, Esq.	12 00
J. McPherson,	5 00	J. K. Neal, Esq.	20 00

January 3.

W. M. Heyle,	2 00	J. Donoghue,	5 00
H. Piper,	1 50	J. Baily,	5 00
Mrs. R. J. Orr,	1 50	W. Delany,	2 00
J. J. Lewis,	1 25	B. Kent,	1 00
H. Meyers,	4 00	J. H. McCown,	5 00
J. H. Allen, Esq.	40 00	W. D. Marrast,	5 00

[illegible]

J. Moore,	2 00
E. Comfort,	2 00
A. Williams,	5 00
R. S. Hill,	6 00
J. T. Trowbridge,	2 00
J. Hackney,	5 00
A. M. Hage,	2 00

[illegible]

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.

A new Monthly Magazine with the above title, embellished with the earliest Fashions from Paris and London, elegant Steel and Mezzotint Engravings, Lace Work, Embroidery, Music, etc. will be issued early in December in advance of the other Magazines for January. The work will be devoted *especially to the ladies*, and will be issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It will contain articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day on every variety of subject, but the work will be in the main devoted to the cultivation of the home virtues. Hence most of the stories will be of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties shall be correctly given,—so as to make the work welcome at every fireside. In the halls of the fashionable and the gay,—the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, as well as in the store and sewing room of the mantua maker and milliner.

The Main Design of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine will be to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report in advance of all the other Magazines, and prior to the issuing of them here, of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. The advantage of this to every lady, who makes taste in dress the least matter of life, will at once be apparent, and to the professional dress maker and milliner of the United States, the enterprise will be of incalculable advantage. It is proposed to issue every month a number and variety of costume, which will put to the blush every thing in the way of monthly reports of the Fashions heretofore attempted.

For this purpose the publisher has embarked the most ample means and resources in the enterprise, and has matured his plans both in this country and in Europe prior to commencement. It has been a favorite project, and has been deliberately undertaken, and will be carried through vigorously. The first number will give an idea of the beauty and real excellence of the plates.

Elegant Steel Engravings.

In order to render the work ornamental in the highest degree, and to make it a perfect *parlor companion*, and an *ornament to the centre-table*, as well as entertaining in its literature, and useful in the style of the fashion plates, it is proposed to issue the most elegant Steel and Mezzotint engravings from the first artists in the country, illustrated by choice and entertaining stories of domestic life. To vary the style of illustrations, occasional *Lace Patterns* and *Embroidery*, got out in unsurpassed beauty and truth, by that excellent artist F. Quarre, Esq. will also be given; and to leave nothing undone, at times, will be given, the most popular and elegant Music of the day, Songs, Galliopades, Marches, etc.

The Typography.

The work will be printed on clear and beautiful type, on a page larger than any of the present three dollar Magazines, with fine margin, and strong, white paper, and will contain as much matter as can be compressed into thirty-six large octavo pages.

Time of Delivery.

The Magazine will be issued on or before the 15th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships which sail from Europe on the first of the month, usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the most correct fashions before they can be got out here, and anticipating all other Magazines at least six weeks.

The Terms.

To bring the work within the reach of all, it will be issued at two dollars per annum for a single, or three copies for five dollars invariably in advance, post paid. The cheapness of the work will be at once appreciated, when we state that the London World of Fashion retails in this country at $10 per annum, and the Lady's World of Fashion will include every variety in the same style of excellence.

To Clubs.

3 Copies for 5 dollars.
8 do. for 10 dollars.
Current funds, post paid.

Editors who may wish an exchange, upon copying this prospectus, will be furnished with the work for one year.

Address C. J. PETERSON,
Ledger Building, Philada.

THE BEST METHOD FOR THE ABOLITION OF DISEASE IS TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE BODY.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, of the North American College of Health, are now acknowledged to be the best medicine in the world for the cure of

EVERY VARIETY OF DISEASE,

Because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors which are the cause not only of head ache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, pains in the bones, rheumatism and gout, but of every malady incident to man.

SAID INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are a certain cure for intermittent, remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid Fevers, because they cleanse the body from [illegible]

[illegible]

OUR MESS.

NOTICE. LIMINARY OR PRELIMINARY.

~ Mr. Dale Lovejoy,

~ As there is no possibility of ever guessing how the year 1846 (significant of the grand union of the public may look, a number of us have resolved on continuing with the current ere consigned unto, and, we are determined to "take our leave," ere find the last thing we can do is, to offer them to you freely.

~ A litter least—some on fall, some on half, some as no pay—of every age and rank in the service, from the commissariat operative to the junior ensign, of every area from the report to the supper, have agreed to jointly consign under the name of "Our Mess," where, meeting together, we can chat over and compare each other's notions of our early days as possibly taught anyone the public, and, at all events, will prevent our being pumped in their corner with more fellow, fellow, and distinction than we can justly lay claim to.

~ I need not tell you that our readers were soon made up: some liked the gossip of the thing, others the jollity; one was pleased with the publicity, another with the punch, and not a few were frightened by the fine of Museum.

~ We give you, then, all right and title to our memories and reminiscences; you have carte blanche as to style and every other manner of book-making, of which, we suppose, you understand something, and we are contravened we know nothing; and have only one parting injunction, which is to treat us as members of the family will permit.

~ Believe me yours, my dear Lovejoye,

~ Tom O'Flaherty.

~ Babajon Lodge, Windermere.

~ P. S.—We have a sexy Adonis or two among us, who would prefer if our friend Phiz would consent to have for their portrait, instead of brushing to chance, or worse still, over the counter, as they call it, that could be managed.

~ P. S. 2.—Don't you think it would be a polite attention to send us the thing as it comes out monthly?

This five-and-sexy epistle, most kind public, we present to you verbatim, with the double object of showing to what indigestion we are exposed for your sake, and also of explaining the motive of the present publication. To minimize with you an intimacy which is at once the pride and pleasure of our life is common, on my terms, an acquaintance which to us has been but a source of unceasing satisfaction, we have put our honest indignation to easy paper, and accepted your friend's proposal.

Taking "Our Mess" as our title, we propose to give you the experiences of our members, differing much from to tell his story; if he have one, in his own way. We shall interfere little with their choice to authorship, while we indulge the solitary hope that they may prove as agreeable to type as we have known some of them at table.

We remember once, in a ramble through the classic precincts of the libraries of Dublin, to have come on a specimen of botany, in which, for the payment of one shilling, you had a dive into a vast repository of the wigs of every shape and color, from the "judge" to the "jew." The disappointment and dismay of the luckless gentleman, who, by the fickle turn of the fortune, invariably drew forth the opposite to their wishes—the queue appropriate to the judge, "—wratch, with a cobbler fancy, edged a full bottom that had figured in Chancery, diverted us for a considerable time.

The lesson, however, has lingered in our memory, and what not to have. Adopting the same method with our manuscripts, while we utter the honest invitation of our predecessor—"In favor or reflection, gentlemen, all but and only one shilling—we draw forth at random, what comes first to our hand, and have proceed to read:

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN

CHAPTER I.
A YACHT AND A LADY.

It was on a dark and stormy night in February, 181, as the last carriage of a dinner-party had driven from the door of a large house in St. James's square, when a party drew closer around the drawing-room fire, apparently intent upon that easy and familiar chit-chat the presence of strangers interdicts.

One of these was a large and fine-looking man, of about forty-five, dressed in the full uniform of an general officer, wore, besides, the ribbon of the Bath; he leaned negligently the chimney-piece, on which his head back toward the fire, seemed to follow the current of his reflections: this was my father.

Beside him, but almost concealed in the deep recess of a well-cushioned fauteuil sat, or rather lay, or more if not somewhat younger figure, who, with an air of languid repose, was delighting her fine complexion to and from the glare of the fire as the trying brilliance to and from the lamps upon the mantle-piece. Her rich dress, resplendent with jewels, while it strangely contrasted with the careless indifference of her attitude, also showed that she had passed a moment's more than common standard that quiet her toilette: this, for reader, was my mother.

Opposite to her, and disposed in a posture of rather studied gracefulness, lounged a tall, thin, fashionable-looking man, with a dark olive complexion, and a silent, keen moustache. He were in the button-hole of his blue coat the ribbon of St. Louis. The Chevalier de Lorgnette was much he was, was an emigre noble, who, attached to the fortunes of the Bourbons, had resided many years in London, and who, in the double capacity of adviser of my father and adviser of my lady Caroline, exercised a considerable share of influence in the family and a seat at its councils.

A little distance from the rest, and apparently engaged with her embroidery, and a very beautiful girl, whose light hair and long lashes deepened the sweeping paleness of features. Even would night have passed, but with nothing could be more perfect than the calm loveliness of her face and the delicate pencilling of her shaded, arched eyebrows, an accurate observer could detect that her tremulous lip occasionally called with a pensive expression of half-scorn, as, from time to time, the turned her eyes toward each speaker in turn, while she again maintained a perfect silence. My cousin, Lady Julia Egerton, had indeed lost that one link: shall I venture to call by so harsh a name that spirit of genius unless which loved to lurk for the hidden horizon of existence, thing around her, and carried her to indulge what the French call the "esprit rouge" even on subjects over which her own feelings were interested?

The last figure of the group was a stripling of some nineteen years, who, in the uniform of the Guards, was endeavoring to seem perfectly easy and unconstrained, while it was evident that his sword-knot divided his attention with more secret thoughts that rendered him anxious and excited: this was myself.

A silence of some moments was at length broken by my mother, who, with a kind of sigh, Miss O'Neil was fond of, turned to the latter, and said—

"Do confess, cousin, we were all most stupid, to-day. Never did a dinner go off so heavily. But it's almost the fault of your first royal duke; positively, I never know what did it—your lack of Jack's appointment?"

"Nothing could be more kind, nothing more generous, than his royal highness. The very first thing he did in the room was, to place his forefinger to my breast. 'Now, Jack,' said my father, turning to me, 'this is your appointment as an extra aide-de-camp.'

"Very proper, indeed," interposed my mother; "and am very happy to think you'll be about town, for I shall not to be sure, is stupid."

"No, not likely to see much of it," said my father drolly.

"Oh, you think he'll be in town then?"

"Why, not exactly that, either."

"Then what do you mean?" said she, with more of attention than before.

"Simply, that his appointment is on the staff that Ireland."

"In Ireland!" repeated my mother, with a tragic start—"in Ireland!"

"In Ireland!" said Lady Julia, in a low, soft voice.

"His Ireland," echoed the count, with a look of well-gotten, as he elevated his eyebrows to the very top of his forehead; while I myself, to whom the communication was so sudden and so unexpected, assumed a kind of wilder-like indifference, as though to say, what matters it to me? what do I care for the pomps of climate? the snows of the Caucasus, or the sun of Bengal are much to me, Ireland, if his majesty so in service requires it.

"Ireland," repeated my mother, once more—"I really never heard any thing so very shocking. But, to me Jack, you don't think of it, surely? Not to be in the presence of mamma to decline?"

"I've often and often, most gratefully his royal highness for such a mark of his favor, for then I felt sure of a refusal," said my father, somewhat haughtily.

"And you really will go, Jack?"

"What decidedly," said I, as I put on a kind of fashionable-like look, and strutted about the room.

"Then, mamma, you must not confuse you to such a step."

"Oh! *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" said the count.

"Be Jove," cried my father, hastily, "you are both considerably more troubled than he is. Guardsmen in opposition to my desire for a request that I'm sure would have been so flattering—not to it both—not that the other. In fact, Jack's name, what think ye of it?—has made a lady of the bedchamber? for it's the only appointment in the service of—"

"You are too absurd, general," said my mother, pettishly. "Count, pray touch the bell that is at your left hand, and I really can quite unprepared for the piece of news."

"And you, Julia," said I, leaning over the back of my cousin's chair, "what do you say to all this?"

"I've just been thinking what a pity it is, I should have wrote a full and my second on the 15th of May, while I could have been embroidering a gay banner for my cousin's command for the wars. *Pour tout le Sprit*," muttered she, half-pensively, while I could see a struggling effort to suppress a laugh; I turned indignantly away, and walked towards the fire, when the count was particularly considerate in my manner.

"After all, *enfant*, it is not so bad as you think, in the metropolis. I have spent twelve weeks in Brittany, very pleasantly indeed *ma foi*, and I'm quite true. To be sure, we had Paris, and Mademoiselle Mars, and not up the *Princesses Rolandes* as well as in Paris."

The agitation of this very speech was yet to Ireland was already satisfactory to my mother, who smiled benignity at the count, while my father turned to me with a kind of the most condescending import.

"Jack, the boy!" said he, taking me by the arm—"mine I just age, and had no immediate prospect of active service. I should plead to any excuse to the royal word. I have hosts of all friends on the staff there. The duke himself was my constant guest."

I hope he will be properly attentive," interposed my mother. "But, mamma not, remember, to wish to Lady Mary."

"Don't mention the country you're going to," continued my father; "you will find many fellow-guests of my friend's there who you are hunting; and above all to not over-study to resent, as an injury, what may merely be intended as a joke—and besides officers will always guide you on those points."

"And, above all things," said my mother, with great earnestness, "do not adopt that odious fashion of wearing their hair. I've seen members of both houses, and particularly that little man Sir—, talk so much of, Mr. Grattan, I believe they call him—

"Make him!" said perfectly easy on that head, my lady," said my father, dryly; "your son is not particularly to monthly Henry Thomas."

My cousin, Julia, alone seemed to relish the tone of amusement in which the conversation was carried on, but the singing, on the strands, over the bulwarks, from the mother to the tallrail: the whole population of the island seemed to flock in upon us; while sounds of welcome were on every side.

"How are you, Mister Maguire?" "is the mistress well?" "Is the master in?" "Is Miss Kate, the lady, safely to be find?" "A great passage, entirely, ma'am," "Nothing to complain of, sir," "Is the ould lady come up in Mrs. Tunstall; and, Tim, darling, oysters and paper, quick."

"Great mercy," said I, "eating again."

"Those are the sounds, I believe, of a regular outlaw making by the elbow.

"Really, sir, isn't it? It's me, sir—the Club. I'm the man always deliver your honor."

"Ay, Jack, world your mate," said a deep voice, "the gentlemen hasn't time to know himself."

"It's me sir, Dawn Daly, that has the black horse."

"Mere, by token, with a sparrin," whispered another, while a roar of laughter followed the joke.

"A car, sir, take you up in five minutes."

"A chaise, your honor—in the thing facetially."

Now, whether my hesitation at this moment was set down by the crowd of my solicitude to some finish of my solvency or not, I cannot say; but true it is, their tone of attention immediately gradually changed into one of rather caustic criticism.

"Maybe it's a gossoon you'd like to carry the little bag?"

"Let him alone; it's only a carpet-bag; he'll carry it himself."

"Don't you see the gentleman would rather walk; he's afraid he might get him, the mark pleasanter—and—cheaper."

"Be you for a fipp'ny bit and a glass of sperius," said a gruff voice in my ear.

"Be Jove," said I, "I've almost lost my luggage together, whose imposing appearance seemed once more to testify me of my being, probably not the most desirable of which to my ready-witted acquaintances, proclaimed me an outlandish, if not a genuine Irishman, and accordingly upon my luggage; and while one rum crowd hoisted forth a portmanteau, another seized upon a hat-box, a third a carpet-bag, a fourth a gun-case, and so on, until I found myself in the centre of a group of every variety of parcel and umbrella, the sole remnant of my effects. At the moment, however, when I felt myself about to be rescued from the crowd, and a large, powerful fellow jumped on the box, and seizing the reins, cried out—

"Come along now, Captain ——. It's all right, sir, I know the gentleman."

"But why am I to go with you?" said I, vainly struggling to free myself.

"Why is it?" said he, with a chuckling laugh, "you're considerable! not room up for ye, and didn't I win ye?"

"Win me?"

"Ay; just that same."

"But I never played with you."

"Oh, the devil fear ye," was the reply; "it's myself that's ready to play with you, and I'll engage you'll find me a match at me. We have a fold-day to-morrow in the town, and before we go home we must have a game."

It was now near two o'clock, I could see nothing to be done, and, as to the sufferings of my fellow-passengers, I confess, tired and exhausted as I felt, I could not contain a laugh at the ludicrous appearance of the group as they stood, each with his luggage, and, as I supposed, his driver, disputing that I've or should look upon the like again. The Britain is, that passengers are generally left to their own custody with such persons, so he passed down, wished me a safe journey, and left me to the tender mercies of the boatmen, who, amid the shouts of the crowd, were hoisting the sail of the boat, and preparing to put me to my quarters.

In crossing the lower castle-yard, we mounted an old-fashioned and rickety stair, which conducted to a gloomy, dilapidated corridor. I was soon shown into, however, to be critical at the moment; and so, thanked O'Grady for all his kindness, I bade him good night, and left before my head was well upon the pillow, was sound asleep.

The Creole Case.

We gave, last week, in our Congressional News, a short sketch of the debate in the Senate on the 11th inst. on the Creole Case. We now, in following out our plan of laying before our readers all important questions, present the following excellent report of that debate.

Mr. Calhoun's resolution on the subject of the Creole affair, came up for consideration. It was as follows:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to furnish to the Senate a copy of the officers and crew of the brig Creole, on her late passage from Richmond to New Orleans, which may be in his possession, and also a copy of the official account which may have been received of the number of a passengers on board of said vessel, and every body else on board. And he sends the following amendment to be added to the resolution after the resolutions of the Williamsburg Court, which amendment he will move to the resolution of his own, that it will restore to the earth not the Creole case, but the case of the slaves, the Creole case.

Mr. Porter explained that he had not seen or heard of the Williamsburg resolutions, and therefore did not know the precise nature of the slave influences. But one word in reply to the gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun). The Senator said the word "person" was not applicable. Mr. Calhoun, of course, did not mean that a murder was committed on board, and who committed it, but that the word "person" was applicable. The newspapers told them the murder was committed, and that was enough. He thought the murder was committed by others than slaves.

Mr. Porter said he had not seen the Senator from Michigan had any other purpose than that which he frankly avowed; but he thought that legislation would be unwise and unjust to confirm degrees of fastidiousness by characterizing, as he has done both to the letter and the spirit of the law, the institution of slavery is recognized by our law, and the intention of the framers of the Constitution was such that the use of a particular term might be avoided. The Senator from Michigan contended that the British authorities pretended to have no control over the vessel; but he did not understand the gentleman from South Carolina to say that the British authorities pretended to have no control over the vessel, but that upon this amendment, and upon the question of the right of the Southern people to the full enjoyment of their property, and the protection of their institutions and property. If that was the intention of the Senator, he (Mr. Porter) should wish it to be distinctly understood, and also that he (Mr. Porter) entirely disagreed with the Senator. That he might therefore test the question, he moved that upon this amendment, and upon the question of the right of the Southern people to the full enjoyment of their property, and the protection of their institutions and property, the yeas and nays be ordered.

Mr. Porter said he believed the word slave, in the Constitution, or in the laws of the United States, was not to be found; but he contended that the institution of slavery was recognized by our laws, and that was to deny the right of the Southern people to the full enjoyment of their property, and the protection of their institutions and property. If that was the intention of the Senator, he (Mr. Porter) should wish it to be distinctly understood, and also that he